

THE PIONEER.

W. T. GILES, EDITOR.

STATE ELECTION.

(ELECTION TUESDAY, OCTOBER ELEVENTH.)

For Governor,
WILLIAM MEDILL, OF FAIRFIELD.
Lieut. Governor,
JAMES MYERS, OF LUCAS.
Secretary of State,
WILLIAM TREVITT, OF FRANKLIN.
Treasurer of State,
JOHN G. BRESLIN, OF SENECA.
Judge of Supreme Court,
THOMAS W. BARTLEY, OF RICHLAND.
Attorney General,
GEORGE W. McCOOK, OF JEFFERSON.
Board of Public Works,
WAYNE GRISWOLD, OF PICKAWAY.
For School Commissioner,
H. H. BARNEY, OF HAMILTON.

DEMOCRATIC COUNTY TICKET.

For Senator,
ROBERT LEE, OF CHANDLER COUNTY.
For Member of the Board of Equalization,
GEORGE T. FREES, OF WYANDOT.
For Representative,
PETER A. TYLER, OF WYANDOT.
For Auditor,
JAMES V. S. HOYT.
For Clerk,
CURTIS BERRY, JR.
For Sheriff,
GEORGE P. NELSON.
For Treasurer,
WILLIAM W. B. FRES.
For Prosecuting Attorney,
NELSON W. DENNISON.
For Commissioner,
JOHN WELCH.
For Coroner,
THOMAS BAIRD.

Thursday, : : : : : Oct. 6.

Union Action! Organization!!!

Fellow Democrats, once more we call upon you to unite yourselves into one band and enter the field with renewed action and a determination that cannot be misunderstood. If you organize properly, the falsehoods, frauds and deceptions of the mongrel race will be as chaff before the wind. You have only to will it and victory is certain, and that we may have a grand and decided victory, let us one and all enter the field with a well organized band, prepared to do good work, in the cause of Democracy. In other days we rejoiced over the good work of our party, and now because a few traitors are in the camp, shall we be less active? We hope not, but that on the other hand, that it will cause us to be more vigilant and determined to fight until the last trump is sounded on Tuesday, and the victory declared in our favor.

The bolters are now bragging over the supposed credulity of a part of the democracy, and laughing at the idea of our defeat; and you will for a moment neglect the duty you owe to yourself and your party, where an enemy tenfold worse than any open opposition ever was, is standing ready to swallow you up?

Democrats, let it not be said that you have permitted an Arnold to betray and sell you to the enemy, as some men are now trying to do. Come out in all your strength, and then we can defy all the mongrels that ever presented themselves before a people for support. With you alone rest, the work, and if well performed, the bastards will receive a defeat that will last them while time remains. Then again, let us urge upon you, the importance of the labor to be performed. You have a mean skulking enemy to defeat and a good ticket of your own to elect. Every man on the democratic ticket is well qualified for the station for which he is a candidate, while the bolters have men upon their ticket, neither honest or in any way qualified. These are stubborn facts that no man can in truth, gain say. Some men are placed upon the bolter ticket who cannot and will not support it. They were placed there without their consent or advice, merely to purchase their influence, and yet that deception is not sufficient to purchase honest and worthy democratic American citizens. Then lend your strongest help to defeat the bastard and elect your own party.

There is no Mistake.

We have been informed by a reliable person, that Judge Cary and his friends are electioneering by attempting to prejudice a certain portion of Wyandot county against the town of Upper Sandusky. Now why is all this hatred against the county town? The idea that the railroad through this place is going to reduce the price of grain in an about Cary, is as false as anything can be. The more competition, the higher the price everywhere.—This is an indisputable fact, that no sane man can get over. If Judge Cary is opposed to the known interest of this town, and thereby the county, why does he not openly avow his opposition? If he will explain his reason for his opposing Upper Sandusky, we will attempt to show the weakness of such opposition.

It is said that in Ridge township an argument is put in circulation, that the railroad through our town, when put in operation, will reduce the price of grain in that section of country. Now who does not know, that to be false? Why it will vastly increase the price here and at Cary; both; for the Cary folks will have to pay the same price that is paid in this place or else the farmer will bring his grain here. So it will be here, for unless our dealers pay the same as is paid in Cary, our farmers will take their grain to that place. Here then, you see that instead of reducing the prices, for all manner of produce, must rise. If men will examine this matter for themselves, as they are capable of doing, Judge Cary and his associates can pocket all they make out of such weak arguments as they are putting forth in this matter.

Bouquet.—Yesterday we received a very nice bunch of flowers—looking as fresh and beautiful as in mid summer.—It is not every one that can say as much at this time in the season.

A Bad Year.

This is the very worst year for candidates we ever read of. We hear of more men sacrificing themselves at the altar of the "dear sovran people" than ever before heard of in the history of time.—Why here is Judge Cary, Judge Leith, Col. Joseph McCutchen and two or three others in Wyandot county, who have nothing at all in view but the interest of the "dear people;" (take their word for it.) Now, are these not self-sacrificing men.—Judge Cary certainly could not want the office of Representative, if any other man in the district of Hardin and Wyandot counties, were qualified for that office.—Then, who believes Judge Leith would be Senator, under any circumstances, were it not that the "welfare of the State" of Ohio demanded his services? Here is Col. Joseph McCutchen, a man than whom none in the State, has sacrificed more in the last twenty years; and during the whole time he did not hold office more than fifteen years.

Now, are these not men generous in their offers to sacrifice themselves, at the altar of the people?

It may be necessary to here state a few facts in relation to these individuals, as they have been before the people so seldom. To begin this history of these honest people loving deceivers, we will ask a few questions. How often has Judge Cary been a candidate for office? We think the answer will be very often.—Was Judge Leith ever a candidate for office, and did the people elect him? He has time and again been a candidate, and we believe was never elected.

The dear people did not think either of the gentlemen worthy of their support.—Has ever an election passed by in the last eight or ten years, that Col. Joseph McCutchen has not been a candidate for some office? Not one. He has been a candidate in every democratic convention for nomination, since forty-five up to the present year. He has pledged himself to support the nominees of those conventions, and then in violation of his pledges, opposed the nominees. Is he qualified to fill the office for which he is offering himself? He is not. Can you believe that men are honest who are on all sides of all questions? If you do you will find yourselves deceived the very worst way.—They have neither honesty or firmness about them.

Let every voter read over the actions and political course of these same men for the last ten years, and the most deception ever practiced upon a community will mark them throughout. They have not attempted by any honest or fair means to get office, without meeting defeat on every occasion. Have not the democrats set aside the mongrel candidate for Auditor, whenever he offered himself as a candidate? They have, and for this reason, he is now proclaiming himself as the people's candidate; a more absurd idea never entered the brain of man. Such men the people's candidates; why they will find themselves very much disappointed, as the people want good men—well qualified, in office.

To the Young Democracy.

Once more, young Democrats, let us urge you to prepare for the battle. Come into the field united and ready to meet the enemy on every side. They will charge your party with fraud and corruption, while this very mongrel party has placed in nomination a defaulter, and other men, dishonest and without any qualifications. Such is not the case with your ticket. You have a ticket made up of men that will honorably discharge every duty as officers. These men are good democrats, not bolters. They belong to the old Jeffersonian school. Then let us hear from you on the night of the election. Roll in with a majority that will cause loud shouts and many of them.

Remember, that upon the young men of Wyandot county, depends much of our success, and that it may be complete, give your full strength at the election on Tuesday the 11 day of October. Get every young and old democrat in your township to the polls. Hitch to your wagon and make one grand rally. Go to every man know and urge upon him the necessity of a full vote to defeat these bastard politicians that are begging your votes, and calling themselves independent.—Why they are the most corrupt and dependent men in creation.

Again let us say, come out one and all, and let your township be the banner township, and then when you come in on the night of the election, you will be loudly greeted by every democratic voter present. Do your duty as young democrats, without fear or favor. Yours will be a mighty influence if properly exercised, therefore we will expect much of you. You will be met by bolters and old fogies, with stories, false as they can be, and give them to understand that you are not to be deceived. Look out for your tickets. Do not vote without reading every name on your ticket.

As we came upon an old song the other day, and merely give the following lines for the benefit of Messrs. Gibson, Judge Leith and a few of the same kidney; and would really like to know if some of them did not sing this in by gone days:

"Cold water may do for the Locos,
Or like the weak vinegar stew;
But give us hard cider and whiskey,
To drink to old Tippecanoe."

Now Judge, you can talk of your Maine Law and think over your past conduct, and weep.

This morning, we parted with a few of our best citizens, Mr. J. W. Garrett and lady, and Miss Driver. They started for Kansas, Mo., where, we hope they will arrive safely, and find a pleasant and profitable home.

Whig Meeting.

On last Thursday the Whigs held a meeting in the Court house, for the purpose of explaining their position in relation to their own and other tickets. The meeting was well represented. The whigs were out as well as quite a number of democrats, and a very few bolters or mongrels.

Some of the bastard politicians were permitted to speak. Dr. O. Ferris opened the meeting by contending for the genuine whig ticket, and exposing the hypocritical designs of the mongrel race, and sore headed democrats. Mr. Brinkerhoff, followed in one of the weakest attempts at a speech that is often the lot of man to make. He attempted to explain away his letters that were published in the Pioneer. He read a letter from Mr. Beery to prove that he was not at this time acting according to his own notions of matters, but was entirely controlled by other persons. Well this is just about as much as we expected of the man. He is not so much to blame for his corruption, for he is only the instrument in other men's hands to perform dirty work.

Moses Gibson then took the stand, and like his Maine Liquor Law Speech, delivered one of the most ridiculous things for a speech that any assembly ever listened to. He said much about honesty, a thing from his remarks, he never knew anything of or read about. His address possessed neither sense, honesty, brevity or wit.—If Mr. G. had just once thought of Burn's sayings—

"Oh! wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see ourselves as others see us."

He would never have made such an ass of himself as he did on that occasion.—After preaching honesty, he showed that his whole practice was weak dark deception.

G. W. Beery, Esq., followed these men and he gave them as nice a trimming out as any two asses ever got. He showed by their own admission, that they cared nothing about Whig or any other principles. That their whole aim was to elect men who possessed neither honesty or qualification. Mr. B. showed up the corruption existing in the mongrel party, from the beginning; that that party had no real object in view other than office.—He said that they presented nothing to the people only men, and if asked what principles they advocated? the answer was, Judge Cary. What are Judge Cary's views on the Maine Liquor Law?—Come and take a little. What are Judge Cary's views in relation to any State matter? Judge Cary. Mr. B. showed plainly that no principle; no good was advocated by the mongrel party. He tho't that Mr. G. was not showing much honesty in his remarks, and that Brinkerhoff, if presented at the county fair would take the premium, as being the greatest squash, pumpkin, or cabbage head in the country.

They Dare not show it.

We have been told by a gentleman, that the mongrel race of politicians have hired printed and procured one of the dirtiest, mean, low and lying sheets that has ever been presented to the people of Wyandot county. This sheet contains, we are told, the refuted charges of fraud against Mr. McKelly, and the county officers, but is not to be put in circulation until the eve of the election. This cowardly villainous act of hiding their falsehoods until the hour of the election, ought to damn any set of men. None but cowards and bastard politicians, would be guilty of any such act. We have charged and charge again upon this mongrel ticket, the fact, that that ticket has upon it, the only defaulter, known to the county.

Democrats, whenever you see the false charges against Mr. McKelly or any other democratic officers, ask, how came Mr. David Miller to sign the letter in answer to Mr. Mac? Is Mr. Miller honest? If he be, then does the charge against Mr. McKelly fall to the ground, and the persons making the charge, stand branded as liars and corrupt scoundrels. It will be well remembered that Mr. Miller was not elected as a democrat, but as a bolter, to see that the business of the county was honestly and judiciously managed. Now, under these circumstances, will not Mr. M.'s word be taken, with the other Commissioners, that no fraud on the part of the democratic officers exists?

Let it blaze in the faces of the corrupt combination, that among themselves does the fraud against the county exist. They are the four party, in whose hands the affairs of the county would suffer and our treasury become bankrupt. This very mongrel party is lost to all regard for truth, honesty or honor. Pope properly describes such men:

Oh, lost to honor's voice! Oh, doom'd to shame!
Thou fiend accurs'd! thou murderer of fame!
From innocence to fear
Thou name, than liberty, than life more dear.
Where shall thy baseness meet its just return?
Or what repay thy guilt, but endless scorn?

False Ticket.

Democrats and voters, we fell it a duty, to warn you of some of the most corrupt and damnable tickets ever circulated by any party since the organization of parties. You will find men circulating these tickets, who claim to be honest. Look out for these self-righteous villains. They have no claim to honesty or fairness.—They know too well, if honesty is pursued the chances are against them; therefore, they seek to rule by fraud and deception. When a man professing honesty, hands you one of the mongrel tickets, headed Democratic, ask him what his intentions are? A man who will preach honesty and attempt to palm off one of those mongrel tickets as a democratic one, must have a heart blacker than the vilest wretch that ever followed highway robbing.

Base and False!

Colonel Joseph McCutchen, is either crazy or very much inclined to "lie the big lie," as the dirty little miserable slip, edited by him and printed some where, will prove, without us saying one word.

This man charges, in his slip, that the Pioneer received for a part of last year's printing, over pay to the amount of \$700. For the information of the public in general, and this wicked and unscrupulous lying hypocrite in particular, we just say, that seven hundred dollars would pay more than the whole bill received by the Pioneer for one year's printing. Now Mr. McCutchen, how will you get over that \$700 extra pay for some of last year's printing? Oh! shame on such a wild, reckless and ridiculous statement; to charge the Pioneer with getting \$700 extra pay for part of a year's printing, when the Pioneer never received extra or otherwise, for a whole year's printing, over from \$500 to \$700. Now where is your \$700 over pay. Stick your head in a sack and forever hide your face.

This vile man dare not circulate his dirty little ranting in town. No, he carries it to the country, where he supposed it would never be seen. He knew there was not a word of truth in the whole of his publication. But the richest idea of all is, he is going to establish a press of his own, and take away our bread and butter. Well now is not that ungenerous? Why Col. we like yourself, have been performing great labor for this county, and deserve a better fate than you promise us, in case of your election. How can you be so destitute of the better part of manhood? But probably we can sell to you, as we have offered our establishment at much more reasonable rates than you appraise lots.

The Proof on Hand.

We have been prepared to see some foul dirty tricks coming from the mongrel party, and already have we in possession the proof of the first step. Fraud and corruption they seize upon us as the only way to power, and no act, however mean, will stop them from an attempt to deceive the people of Wyandot county. This mongrel party has procured tickets as we said would be done, and headed them Democratic ticket, one of the basest lies that ever went unpunished. The members of this foul corrupt and designing party will have every description of fraudulent tickets, as you will see by watching the polls on Tuesday next. Look out for all manner of false pretensions, false charges and mean actions, for half the candidates on the mongrel ticket have not the first qualification to fill an office if elected.

Democrats you must be vigilant, or these wolves in sheep's clothing will palm off some of their fraudulent tickets upon some unsuspecting voters. If you wish to see a specimen of their corruption, call at our office, and you can see an attempt at counterfeiting the democratic ticket.—Can you vote for men who have nothing genuine about themselves to recommend them to the public? We think you will be found arrayed against all such corrupt men as these mongrels are. Go to the polls early and stay until they close.—be vigilant, and a grand victory will follow your labors.

READ.—We ask those who are acquainted with the political character of Judge Leith to read the quotation we take from his letter offering himself as a sacrifice for the Maine Liquor Law. He says, "I bring myself under no obligations, however, to support the individual interests of any distinct political party."

Who ever heard of a greater absurdity than this? Judge Leith might as well attempt to make the people believe that the moon is made of green cheese, as to attempt to make any person believe he will not lend his influence to certain political cliques. Who was it that attended two or three conventions in Wyandot county? No other person than this same sacrificing individual. It is a pity that the "interest of his constituents and the welfare of the States," should compel him to make such a sacrifice. Judge, we really believe that the people will not ask you to make such a sacrifice, as you are offering to them.—It is our honest conviction, that Robert Lee, the Democratic nominee, will get the largest majority ever given in this Senatorial district.

APPLICABLE.—The following few lines, taken from an exchange are applicable to Mr. Gibson, of Sycamore township; for never since Adam was a boy, did we hear such a patched up speech as he made in the Court house, on last Thursday night, excepting his Maine Law attempt. But read the following lines which describe him exactly:

"Some men have as much fear of facts,
As they have of falsehood, and spend a whole life not in wrestling with error, but in patching fig leaves for the naked truth.
From cowards such as these, good Lord, deliver us!"

Why Mr. McCutchen, you are entirely beside yourself. The names of Messrs. Beebe and Bland, have not been used in the Pioneer since we have taken charge of it, last June; and were it not, that you are seeking position for which you are not in the least qualified, your name would scarcely, if ever, appear in the Pioneer.

THE COAT.—George Doebler made a coat for the Fair that was a perfect specimen of workmanship. The work put upon that coat would be hard to beat anywhere. Mr. G.'s work will convince the people of other counties that little Wyandot has some good mechanics.

The Washington National Monument is now one hundred and forty-two feet high.

Who is to be Believed?

It appears that Col. Joseph McCutchen and Joseph E. Fouke, both bolters, differ materially in the price of property in Upper Sandusky; Mr. Fouke, under oath, appraises the whole of the lots resold, with improvements, made since the sale of said lots, at \$1020. The improvements are worth over \$600, leaving the naked lots worth, at his appraisal, about \$400. Col. McCutchen, in his hand-bill, appraises the same naked lots, (though not under oath) at \$255. Here you see a difference between a sworn man and Col. McCutchen, on a few lots, of two thousand one hundred and fifty dollars.

Well, we can say to the voters of Wyandot county, if Mr. McCutchen should be elected, (a thing that is not possible) and he should attempt to keep his own books, the figures will generally correspond with the ones here compared with Mr. Fouke's appraisal.

ARTIFICE.—Would it not be well for some of the bolters, who are now circulating bastard tickets, and attempting to deceive the voters of Wyandot county by false charges and false hearts, to read the following beautiful lines:

Shallow artifice begets suspicion,
And, like a colubine veil, but thinly shades
The face of thy design; alone disguising
What should have never been seen."

GIBSON AND BRINKERHOFF.—These men are so very well described by POPE, that we feel bound to publish the following few lines. Those who heard these men on last Thursday evening, will say the description is perfect:

"Some have at first for wits, then poets pass'd;
Turn'd critics next, and prov'd plain fools at last.
Some neither can for wits nor critics pass,
As heavy mules are neither horse nor ass."

Does Mr. McCutchen know that there is a law in Ohio regulating the price paid for printing? If he does not, we will inform him that such a law does exist. Now Colonel, you may just as well come out and acknowledge that the \$700 you said the Pioneer received, is all gammon. You were certainly in a good humor and only told that as one of your old jokes. Wasn't that it, Colonel?

SOME PUMPKIN.—We have often heard it said, "that is some pumpkin," but never saw the fact until the other day at the Fair so well verified. Col. G. T. Frees presented on the fair ground a "pumpkin what was some pumpkin." It weighed 120 pounds, and no telling what it would have weighed by next season if it had continued growing.

FRAUD AHEAD.—Look out for frauds of every description. Democrats, you will find that the mongrel party will have a thousand different kinds of tickets. Be on the lookout for all such frauds. Be prepared to meet this bastard party at every point.

DEFIANCE DEMOCRAT.—This paper has been very much enlarged and otherwise improved, and is now one of the nicest papers in the Northwest. The Democracy and citizens of that county ought to extend to that paper a liberal support; for the enterprising editor deserves a good big list of subscribers.

NORTH WEST.—A few weeks since this paper went through a thorough change.—It has been enlarged and very much improved, and our young friend Hollabaugh merits a good big list of pre-paying subscribers and plenty of advertising. What does a county town amount to without a newspaper? It is very strange that people do not take more home papers.

A NEW DANCE.—At one of the fashionable Virginia watering-places the "big bugs" this season brought out a new dance, that was regarded by the ladies as a "love of a thing!" It is called the *Somersetski*, and is thus described in a late number of the *Dancing Room Companion*:

It is danced by four persons—two ladies and two gentlemen. The ladies are dressed in a frock reaching to the knee, and the continuance are of stockinet, fitting as close as possible to the skin. One lady wears a white stocking and a black stocking, and the other wears one green and one red stocking. The gentlemen are dressed in shorts, and their stockings are of pink and purple colors. The dance begins by the gentlemen turning somersets over the ladies, after which the ladies turn the gentlemen; and then the whole party turn somersets over each other rapidly, promiscuously and miscellaneously. During this last movement the performers, with their variegated costumes, present all the changes of the kaleidoscope.

Important from Europe.

A telegraphic despatch, announcing the arrival of the steamer Washington, gives the important information that the London Times of the 14th announces that the Czar had rejected the Vienna note as modified by the Sultan, and that was seemed inevitable. The English and French consuls had left Jassy—an act which had occasioned great alarm. General Luders, with fresh corps of Russian troops, was advancing into Moldavia. The Emperor of Russia was to proceed at once to Warsaw, in order to meet the Emperor of Austria at Olmutz on Sept. 23d.

The Turkish troops under Omer Pacha, on the Lower Danube, insisted on fighting the Russians, and it was feared that the Pacha would be unable to restrain their fanatical zeal.

It was understood that Mr. Soule would be received at Madrid.—*Washington Union*.

BOARD WANTED.—The Boston Post says that "a young man, a member of an evangelized Church," advertises in a New York paper for board in a pious family, where his christian example would be considered a compensation."

California News.

The arrival of the Nicaragua steamer Northern Light, has brought two weeks later information from California. Nearly two and a half millions of dollars in gold dust was brought out by the steamer.

A small civil war had broken out between the citizens of Oakland and the firm of Carpenter, Moon & Co., the latter of whom laid claim to the entire water front of the village. The citizens regarding this as an infringement of their just right, dispossessed the partisans of Carpenter, Moon & Co., by a free distribution of blows and other persuasive arguments. In the afternoon, the excitement subsided, the citizens obtained undisputed possession of the town property, and proceeded, quietly, to divide it by ballot. They donated four blocks for a College, which some parties had been anxious to establish there, and reserved a number of lots for charitable and public uses. About two hundred and fifty of the citizens have signed a pledge to support each other, at all hazards, in the course they have determined upon; and henceforth, it is said, no one will be allowed to occupy ground under grant from Carpenter & Co.

Those who have been distressed lest the hardy adventures on the Pacific coast should suffer from the scarcity of female candidates for matrimony, will find some consolation in the following item from the San Francisco Herald.

"It will be seen the arrivals of passengers by sea, during the past eight months have exceeded the departures by only 8,689. At the same rate the addition to our population seaward, will amount to 13,000 for the year 1853. There is one gratifying fact to be gathered from the tables we publish to day. During the eight months 4,138 females arrived, while probably not more than 200 left. Full one-half the addition to our population, then, belonged to the gentler sex. Accounts very as to the number of immigrants who will reach California this season by way of the Plains. It may be safely estimated at 20,000, which, added to the excess of arrivals by sea, would give 23,000 as the total increase of our population during the present year.

The demand for live stock of all kinds is represented to be very great. Never, says the Placerville Herald, has the call for animals of every description, particularly working animals, been more spirited than during the present season; large horses and mules are bringing great prices, and oxen and cows are higher than ever before. The same paper expresses the opinion that there cannot, for years to come, be a redundancy of stock in California. There is a constantly increasing demand for working animals, and the consumption of fat animals is beyond computation, keeping the price above the most sanguine expectations of Eastern men who have invested in this species of property. The Marysville Express, of Saturday, quotes large American horses for harness at from \$125 to \$400; American saddle horses at \$95 to \$150; common saddle horses at \$50 to \$80; pack mules \$100 to \$125; saddle mules \$120 to \$200; American work oxen \$150 to \$200 per yoke; new milch cows average \$100 per head. Wagons high, and in demand.

The mining intelligence is abundant.—We gather from it that on the whole, the business not only pays, but pays well for the hard work necessary to exact the metal, though, as is almost always true of mining, many are disappointed.

In theatrical matters, Murdoch's arrival had failed to excite much interest, or to attract many dollars from the Californians. From Oregon we learn that a battle had occurred in Rogue River Valley between the settlers and a party of Indians, which resulted in the death of five whites, the severe wounding of five more, beside the killing of six of the Indians and the wounding of others.

It seems, that on the 16th of August, a party of 22 men, from Capt. Goodall's company, set out under Lieut. Ela, to hunt the Indians under the command of the chief called Sam. On the 17th, they proceeded up Elk Valley, on Evan's Creek, and had gone only a few miles, when they met Sam and all his tribe, amounting to 150 fighting men. Not being strong enough to make the attack, Lieut. Ela's party retreated, and sent an express back to Capt. Goodall, to hasten up with the rest of his company. They then camped in the best place they could, convenient to water, not anticipating any attack; but the Indians made an attack upon them at about 11 o'clock at night, taking them by surprise. Two of Lieut. Ela's party were shot dead at the first fire, and two more seriously wounded. The whites then retreated some 200 yards, to a point of timber, leaving their horses, saddles and baggage, behind. The Indians renewed the attack with great fury; but meeting with a warm reception, they retreated to a respectful distance. They continued shooting until about 12 o'clock, when they retired and held a consultation. After this consultation, which lasted some twenty minutes, they renewed the attack with increased fury, and entirely surrounded the whites.

The battle lasted until 2 o'clock A. M., when the arrival of John D. Crosby, with six or eight men, in advance of the others, caused the Indians to retreat, and undoubtedly saved the lives of the whole party. They could not have held out, it is said, half an hour longer. About 100 of the Indians had rifles. It was one of the fiercest battles ever fought with the Indians in that section of the country.—Five of the whites were shot dead on the field, and three badly (though not dangerously) wounded, and two less seriously wounded. The names of those killed are: Isham P. Keath, a German named Soekitz, Albert Douglas, from Ohio, J. Coleman, from Jacksonville, and Francis Per-

ry, from St. Louis, Mo. They were all buried the next day, with the honors of war. Those badly wounded, are: Lieut. Ela—shot through the hand; James Carroll, shot through the thigh; a man known by the name of Greasy John, of Hamburg, shot through the hip. The others were less seriously wounded. There were six Indians killed, and several wounded. The whites, after the battle, encamped near the battle-ground, waiting for provisions and animals to follow the enemy.

The crops in Oregon are very fine, but not sufficient for the full supply of the inhabitants.

John Clare was hung by the populace at Santa Cruz, on the 17th ult., for the murder of Andrew Cracovitch, a Hungarian.

The ship Martha, which sailed from San Francisco for Tahiti, nearly a year ago, it has just been ascertained, is lost, with all on board, including Mr. Clark, one of the proprietors of the Sacramento Union.

Mr. M. Nicholson, formerly proprietor of the City Hotel, at Shasta, has been murdered by Indians.

It is now generally believed that the "Joquin Rangers," whose supposed capture of the renowned bandit, Joaquin Murriata, created so much talk and commendation lately, were mistaken in their man, and decapitated an unlucky person who went out with a party of Los Angeles to catch wild horses. The head, however, is about to be taken to the Atlantic States for exhibition, but the Alta Californian hopes its exhibitors will be met with loathing and disgust.

Ballooning in California.

A boy named JOSEPH GATES, aged sixteen, made a remarkable balloon ascension from Oakland, opposite San Francisco, on the 28th. The balloon was of the largest size, but was not sufficiently inflated, and would not rise with the aeronaut. The car was then taken off and a small board lashed across the hoop. Upon this the aeronaut took his seat, but he was too heavy. The crowd then called for a boy, and GATES, who was near, peddling fruit, gave his basket to his partner, and jumped on the board; and without any provisions or clothing, more than his ordinary suit, he rose, before the aeronaut could give him any instructions, more than to pull the rope when he wished to come down. The boy sat upon the hoop, (which was only an inch square,) and leaned back upon the cords. When up about half a mile, he pulled the cord, and it broke. The balloon flew rapidly to the north-east, at a height of about two and a half miles. The boy retained his presence of mind, took out his knife, opened it, put it in his teeth, and tried to climb the cords for the purpose of cutting the balloon; but the cords were only a quarter of an inch in thickness, and he could not climb them. The gas finally escaped so that the balloon descended about fifteen miles from Benicia, in Suisun Valley, and fifty miles in a direct line from the starting point.—*Cin. Eng.*

Does he want Office?

Does any one suppose that Col. Joseph McCutchen is an office-seeker, when he has only been a candidate at every election, either for nomination or otherwise, in the past ten or fifteen years? Why it would be ridiculous to charge him with office-seeking, having this fact before you. His reason for being a candidate so often, certainly must be to gratify the people and not for any selfishness. Can it be supposed for a moment, that a man through any selfish designs, would permit his name to be used in connection with some office or other for so many unsuccessful years? Now, Colonel will tell you himself that it is merely to save the county funds that he is desirous to be elected as Auditor of Wyandot county, and probably to get back some of the money he has spent electioneering for the people.

We have been fully convinced for some time back, that Col. McCutchen had been a standing candidate for the people, as Democrats had neglected to elect him.—But we are of opinion, that the people should not ask a man to thus sacrifice himself to serve them in any office. Why the Colonel has already been ruined by holding office, and now as he has nearly retired, why drag him into the field again?

Now, we feel in duty bound to say this much for an old friend, who is decidedly not a candidate of his own making, or else he never would have been before the people so often. Who imagines that this often defeated man would be a candidate, if the people did not absolutely want him in the field?

A MAN WITH TWENTY WIVES.—A man calling himself Dr. Wm. Hunter, but whose real name is said to be Nathaniel J. Bird, is in jail at Camden, N. J., on a charge of bigamy, and various other charges. On Sunday, Elizabeth Harrington, a lady of Philadelphia, visited him in prison, and ascertained that he was the man to whom she was married on the 9th of July last. On the same day he was visited by another lady from Kensington, named Mary Thomas, to whom he was married in May last. It is also stated that he has a wife in Reading, another in Wilmington, Del., and another yet in Philadelphia. The prisoner is only about 28 years of age, and it is stated, declares that he has twenty wives—a statement which may be true, as more than one-fourth of that number has been found within a few days. It is alleged that he abandoned each wife soon after marriage.

All the women in Camden—bless their curious souls—are trying, in droves, to get a sight at him!

That which has its value from fancy is not very valuable.